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HUBERT AND ELLEN.

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.....BILLOWY WATER.....  
THE PLUNDERER'S GRAVE....THE TEAR-  
DROP....THE BILLOW.

BY

LUCIUS M. SARGENT.

THIRD EDITION, WITH ALTERATIONS.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY.

1815.

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# Harvard College Library

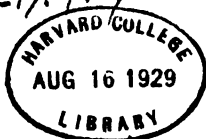


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**DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:**

*District Clerk's Office.*

BE it remembered, that on the seventh day of November, A. D. 1812, and in the thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Chester Stebbins*, of the said District, has deposited in this Office the Title of a Book, the Right whereof he claims as Proprietor, in the words following, *to wit*—"HUBERT AND ELLEN. With other Poems. The Trial of the Harp—Billowy Water...The Plunderer's Grave....The Tear-Drop....The Billow. By *Lucius M. Sargent*."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also to an act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical, and other prints."

WM. S. SHAW, { *Clerk of the District  
of Massachusetts.*

No more time has been devoted to the revision of this volume than some few hours, unoccupied in the pursuits of my profession. This edition therefore is not published on account of any essential improvement which it has received, although, in some instances, I have availed myself of the kindness of friends, and the ingenuity of enemies.

An tua demens

Vilibus in ludis dictari carmina malis?

Non ego: nam satis est equitem mihi plaudere:  
ut audax,

Contentis aliis, explosa Arbuscula dixit.

Men' moveat cimex Pantilius? Aut cruciet, quodd

Vellicet absentem Demetrius? aut quodd ineptus

Fannius Hermogenis laedat conviva Tigelli?



## DEDICATION.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BROTHER.

SHADE of my brother dear !  
Oft at the silent close of summer day,  
Fond mem'ry brings thee near ;  
And often have I sought that hour, to pay  
The tribute of my tear.

For if time's varying currents roll  
One hour, which o'er thy gentle soul  
Could reign, with more of magic pow'r,  
Than ev'ry hour beside,  
It was that sweet, that musing hour  
Of summer's eventide.

Not emulous, our friendly skiffs pursu'd  
The track of life, down childhood's bubbling tide ;  
And pass'd the flood of boyhood, wild and rude,  
Like partners in the voyage, side by side ;  
But scarce the rapids of our youth were pass'd,  
Scarce op'd before us manhood's ocean wide,  
Ere thy fair vessel yielded to the blast.

Though Heav'n to both did equal love impart,  
Yet greater gifts were thine, and happier doom,



A riper genius, and a purer heart,  
A life more virtuous, and an earlier tomb.

Oft mem'ry's magic hand portrays  
A thousand scenes of early days ;  
Of boyhood's walks, and shady bowers ;  
And youthful sports, and satchell'd hours ;  
And task forgot, and winter night,  
Wasted o'er tale and legend light,  
Till ev'ry blast we chanc'd to hear,  
Brought elf, or fiend, or giant near.

Full oft a tear-drop mem'ry borrows,  
When fairly thus her hand displays  
The simple scenes of former days ;  
And yet that tear-drop is not sorrow's :  
For tears, that flow at sorrow's call,  
Are always felt before they fall.  
But here, when mem'ry brings to view  
Dear, early scenes, for ever gone,  
The heart scarce feels how strong, how true  
The lines by mem'ry's hand are drawn,  
Before the tears unheeded part,  
In tribute fair to mem'ry's art.  
And scarce they part from nature's store,  
Before they steal the eyelid o'er ;  
And scarce an instant ling'ring stand,  
Before they tremble on the hand.

Thy meteor lamp of poetry,  
That shone with gairish ray,  
Lur'd my fond heart to follow thee,  
Mid fancy's airy way.  
There have I pass'd my happiest hours,  
Entwining fancy's fairy flow'rs.  
And thus I now have wreath'd for thee  
These simple flow'rs in garland wild,  
This chaplet of my poetry ;  
For thou wert fancy's favour'd child.....

Brother ! to thee if it were given,  
To leave awhile thy rest in Heaven ;  
If thou couldst weep, thy gentle tear  
Would steal, of Hubert's fate to hear ;  
And pity sure would dim thine eye,  
At Ellen's love and constancy.  
For ne'er a theme thy heart could move,  
Like gentle woman's constant love.  
And sure to thee did Heav'n impart  
No fickle, no inconstant heart.

Dear Spirit ! I have heard thee say,  
" If cruel fate should bear away  
Her, who alone my heart can sway,  
Oh ! could that heart again be gay ?  
And could I ever, ever bear  
To part this braid of auburn hair ?

Though cold her little hands, that made  
And fasten'd here this auburn braid,  
Her heart in Heav'n would love me still !  
And so on earth my heart shall prove  
Its tender and its lasting love ;  
Until with me, this little braid  
Beside her in the grave be laid.  
For when in death my limbs grow chill,  
Sure none will be of heart unkind,  
Sure none to constant love so blind,  
Whose cruel hand will rudely tear  
Away this braid of auburn hair !"....

Shade of my brother dear !  
Oh ! if the chaplet I have twin'd  
Be not unworthy bard like thee,  
Then let me dream thee near ;  
And round thy brows in fancy bind  
These wild flow'rs of my poesy !

And though the world severe  
May scorn my flow'rets, till they fade,  
And blast the garland I have made ;  
Yet still to thee in thought my soul  
Shall rise, above the world's control.  
And oft at close of summer day,  
My heart shall fondly seek to pay  
The tribute of its tear.

# **HUBERT AND ELLEN.**



## HUBERT AND ELLEN.

THIS poem commences with the address of an old man to a stranger, who is supposed to be gazing at a maniac, reclining upon a grave; near which the old man is standing.

WANDERER, stay!

If your gentle heart would know  
Who, beneath the lonely willow,  
Makes the simple stone his pillow,  
And turns by fits from deepest wo,  
To laughter gay.

Wand'rer, though upon his brow,  
Sad despair, and sorrow now,  
And fitful grief, and laughter wild  
Mark him distraction's dearest child;  
Though hair and beard, uncouth and long,  
Have done his manly features wrong;  
Yet ev'ry deepen'd furrow there  
Is less the mark of age than care:  
And oft he holds his visage high,  
Often his dark and fever'd eye  
The quick'ning fire of youth betrays,  
And lofty glance of better days.

The boorish laugh, the thoughtless jeer,  
And gentle maiden's pitying tear.  
And oft 'tis told by tattling dame,  
When Hubert to the village came,  
And when the lovely Ellen died,  
Who lies upon the willow's side;  
And how he plac'd the tablet stone,  
O'er Ellen's grave, with tender care;  
And how his heart would swell,  
When oft he sought the spot alone,  
And scatter'd rose and lily there.  
And how, when sorrow turn'd his brain,  
He lost his gallant air and mien.  
And many other tales beside,  
Of Hubert and his hapless bride,  
The village dame can tell.

And some there are,  
Who say, that Hubert on the even,  
Close by her bed, when Ellen died,  
Knelt down, and weeping at her side,  
Mutter'd short pray'r;  
So low it scarcely could be heard;  
But here and there a louder word  
Was of himself, and crimes, and Heaven,  
Of Ellen, and of sins forgiven.  
And how at last, in whisper small,  
Ellen with tears forgave him all.

But it has never been denied,  
That, like a lover true,  
For days and nights, at Ellen's side,  
Hubert gaz'd o'er her features pale ;  
And when her spirit seem'd to fail,  
Her hand more closely drew ;  
And when at last poor Ellen died,  
Though still he gaz'd, and sadly sigh'd,  
'Tis said, no tear was seen to flow ;  
But on his wan and haggard brow,  
There was so strange and wild a stare,  
That none a second look could bear.

But the sad story, save to me,  
Is veil'd in deepest mystery.

Poor, crazy Hubert knows me not !  
And by that wild unconscious gaze,  
He tells me not of former days ;  
Naught lingers of remembrance there :  
The frantic look, the vacant stare  
Show, that my features are forgot.  
Yet gentle wand'rer, well I know,  
This wretch, who looks so mean and low,  
Before his senses fail'd him aught,  
Ne'er turn'd his back on friend or foe.  
And, though it strange may seem to thee,  
Ne'er liv'd more gallant youth than he,



To wield a sword, to rein a steed,  
In bold assault, or gentle deed.  
A heart more kind, a hand more free  
Ne'er op'd, in friendship's need.

He was my friend....but, stranger, say,  
Why gaze upon my locks of grey,  
My humble garb, my lowly mien,  
And oaken staff, on which I lean ?  
Though I am old, I cannot brook  
That curious glance and doubting look.  
I said, that Hubert was my friend :  
Think you my boastful words intend,  
That I was gallant Hubert's peer,  
When his were honours, wealth, and gear ?  
No, stranger, wrong me not in thought,  
Nor will old Edwy tell you aught,  
Of all the story less sincere,  
Than that this wretch is Hubert here....  
But my poor knees are weak and old,  
Beneath the neighb'ring elm, 'tis meet  
To seek the cool sequester'd seat,  
Where better may the tale be told....

Hubert was once as dear to me,  
As child upon a father's knee ;  
For, many a long and tedious year,  
Beyond the waters wild,

I serv'd his cruel sire with fear,  
And learn'd to love the child.

And when to manly years he came,  
My love for Hubert was the same.  
And when, because he long withstood  
His father's will, nor gave his hand  
Against his heart, for lady's land,  
His cruel sire, in stubborn mood  
On hapless Hubert clos'd his door,  
And robb'd of all his hopes ; be sure  
Old Edwy's heart could ill endure  
Such cruel fate, but lov'd him more.  
It was an heavy time indeed,  
Such sad mishap to know ;  
For then his heart had learn'd to bleed,  
For hapless Ellen's woe :  
And sorrow clouded o'er his brow,  
And sad repentant tears did flow.

For, though he was as fair, and free,  
And kind, as gallant youth could be,  
In all beside, and ne'er delay'd  
His hand, when pity claim'd his aid ;  
Yet, on his soul a fatal blot  
Is deeply dy'd, so dark a stain  
Shall long with Hubert's name remain,  
When wretched Ellen is forgot :

Recorded in the page of Heaven,  
Never perhaps to be forgiven.

When tender maiden was his theme,  
Light was his mood, as morning dream.  
High his heart would beat in pleasure,  
Careless of the tears of morrow ;  
Lightly would he seize the treasure,  
Reckless of a maiden's sorrow.

And oft upon the modest eye,  
Hubert would bend his eye of blue,  
And talk of love, and seem so true,  
In ev'ry word, in ev'ry sigh ;  
That simple maiden never dream'd,  
That Hubert false would prove.  
And if, upon his features fair,  
She look'd, for wily falsehood there,  
Such glance that maiden well might rue,  
On face, that beam'd so fair and true ;  
Where ev'ry look so gently seem'd  
To tell of naught but love.

For though his bold and piercing eye,  
And gallant form, and bearing high,  
And haughty look, and dark'ning glance,  
That stay'd half way the rude advance,  
Made those, who knew him not, conclude,  
That love was ne'er for Hubert's mood ;

Yet none more supply bow'd the knee,  
And none could heave more tender sigh,  
And none more kindly glanc'd an eye,  
On gentle lady fair, than he.

Then simple maid would sure believe,  
That Hubert's smile could ne'er deceive ;  
Till in some sad and lone retreat,  
With tears, and sighs, and wan despair,  
And naught of love and Hubert there,  
The wretch would seek sequester'd seat,  
And mourn, unheard, her sorrows o'er :  
Till tears at length would cease to flow,  
And sighs would yield to silent woe ;  
And then, with fainting look and wild,  
Clasp to her breast her naked child,  
And close her eyes, to weep no more....

Time fast has flown, since Ellen smil'd,  
Where in a vale beside the wood,  
Old Edgar's lonely cottage stood ;  
Poor, widow'd Mary's only child.  
For Edgar never liv'd to know,  
Of Ellen's hapless doom ;  
And ere the days of Ellen's woe,  
Thrice had the summer flow'ret grown,  
And thrice cold winter's blast had blown,  
On Edgar's lowly tomb.

Amid the valley lone,  
Where foot of mortal seldom came,  
Liv'd Ellen and the aged dame,  
In solitude, unknown.  
And when old Edgar droop'd and died,  
Poor Mary's wants were still supplied,  
By tender Ellen's care.

At early dawn, her little feet  
The dew from off the pathway beat,  
And water from the brook she drew :  
And oft she pluck'd the flow'r, that grew  
Upon the margin fair ;  
And still while poor old Mary slept,  
Smiling, towards her pillow crept,  
And gently plac'd it there.  
Then silent would she watch, the while,  
Her fond surprise and wak'ning smile.

Next, with kind look and willing haste,  
She brought her mother's slight repast.  
Then o'er her neck her kerchief cast ;  
Carlo the well known signal spied,  
And to the door impatient hied.

Oft then his glance alternate flew,  
From Ellen's eyes in restless view,  
To where the birchen basket hung,

Ere from its place she gaily drew,  
And o'er her finger lightly swung.

And, o'er her auburn gay,  
Before she had her gipsy tied,  
Whose shad'wy brim could poorly hide  
Her fairy face and floating pride;  
His frequent bark would loudly chide  
Her ling'ring step's delay.

Scarce on the string she plac'd her hand,  
Ere Carlo would in silence stand,  
With forward head, and upward ear,  
The sound of lifting latch to hear;  
His body back, his foot before,  
And eye, intent upon the door.  
Scarce Ellen then the bobbin drew,  
Ere o'er the threshold Carlo flew,  
And swiftly shot along the lawn,  
With eagle's speed; nor had she more  
Than dropp'd the latch, and clos'd the door,  
Ere Carlo down the hill had gone.  
And scarce she left the threshold stone,  
Ere he had swum the brook below,  
And climb'd the cliff, and on its brow  
Paus'd, and look'd back on Ellen's way,  
Shook from his locks the water spray,  
Then bark'd again to chide delay.

But when with lily foot, unshod,  
Across the shallow brook she trod,  
Again he sped, for then he knew  
The path, that Ellen would pursue.  
And, when she gain'd the ridge's height,  
Carlo was fairly out of sight.

With health and sweet content  
Thus Ellen pass'd her early hours,  
Nor e'er had op'd her eyes on sorrow ;  
Save once, but long those tears had dried ;  
'Twas when her father, Edgar, died.  
And thus, with basket at her side,  
Ellen and Carlo went  
In search of herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs ;  
And homeward with the little store,  
At even, sought the cottage door.  
Then to the village on the morrow,  
Carlo and little Ellen came,  
To sell them to the village dame.

With slower step, then Carlo trod,  
And proudly sought the village road ;  
For well he constru'd, what did mean  
The decent plaid and bonnet green.

It was a pleasant thing, to see  
Ellen at even merrily,  
When length'ning shadows, o'er the lea,  
Call'd home the ploughman wearily ;  
Tripping with lightsome steps along,  
While half untied her bonnet hung ;  
And Carlo, marching close before,  
With lifted head, the basket bore.  
O'erpaid was Ellen for the toil  
By Mary's kind and greeting smile,  
But when her little gains she show'd,  
And laid upon her mother's knee,  
And smiling said, "'tis all for thee ;"  
The tear, down Mary's cheek that flow'd,  
To Ellen's heart was far more dear,  
Than worlds of wealth and costly gear.

Oft have I seen fair Ellen come,  
With Carlo to the cottage home ;  
For Hubert often sped me there.  
Oft then would Mary turn aside,  
Wiping away the trickling tear,  
Then would she say, that I must bear  
Kind thanks, for gentle Hubert's cheer ;  
And tell him, that at eventide,  
Ellen, her little bed beside,  
Would clasp her hands for him in pray'r ;  
While Ellen with a smile replied,  
To all his greeting fair.



Naught then of all her future wo  
Or Hubert's crime could Edwy know.  
For when, with kindly seeming care,  
His almoner, he sped me there,  
His words were all so mild and fair,  
That in his look I could not read  
Of aught, but poor, old Mary's need.

When Hubert first reveal'd the tale,  
Of Mary's cottage in the vale,  
He pass'd the matter lightly o'er ;  
How in the glade, some days before,  
Fatigu'd with vain pursuit of game,  
It chanc'd he to the cottage came :  
Then kindly thither bade me go  
Of poor, old Mary's health to know ;  
And, if I saw a maiden there,  
With hazel eye and auburn hair,  
From him to speak the damsel fair.

Yet, in his face that beam'd the while,  
Was naught but pity's gentle smile.

Since first my feet, at close of day,  
Rested in Mary's humble vale,  
Full oft at ev'ning had they trod  
Along the wonted village road,  
And down the lonely dale ;

Whene'er, in seeming pity's need,  
The will of Hubert bade me speed:  
Time thus had swiftly pass'd away.  
At length, less eager Hubert seem'd,  
Of poor, old Mary's weal to know;  
And scarce at last he lent an ear,  
Of all her gentle speech to hear.  
And, when I told of Mary's tear,  
No smile upon his face there beam'd,  
But more of sadness rested there.

And when, as Mary bade me bear,  
I said, that oft at eventide,  
Ellen, her little bed beside,  
Would clasp her hands for him in pray'r;  
There came a cloud upon his brow,  
Bursting in drops of heaviest wo.  
I marvell'd much, but understood,  
No cause for Hubert's changing mood.

Again he never bade me go,  
To Mary's humble cot;  
And long neglect might plainly show,  
Poor Mary was forgot.  
And, when.....but stranger, gently bear  
The weakness of an old man's tear:  
It is the tribute mem'ry pays,  
To scenes of youth and happier days.

Gentle stranger, have you never,  
Musing upon your lonely pillow,  
Given a sweet, a silent hour,  
To mem'ry dear?  
Whose living wand, with magic pow'r,  
Can bring so near  
Your native land, beyond the billow;  
And show so clear  
Dear early scenes, that time would sever;  
And paint the friend, now sunk far ever,  
With hand so true,  
That long lost friend, and distant home,  
And scenes of youth before you come,  
In present view?

If such an hour you never knew,  
Ah, then indeed you ne'er can know,  
Why down my cheek tears freely flow,  
When, on my mem'ry rushing, come  
Dear thoughts of Mary's humble home.  
The peaceful look, the greeting smile,  
The brook, the hill, the hawthorn green,  
That grew beside the lowly cell,  
And Ellen's gentle voice, and mien  
My poor old heart with sorrow swell,  
And of its kindest tears beguile.

Oh ! could I see that smile once more,  
And Ellen at the cottage door,  
And crazy Hubert's madness o'er ;  
How sweetly then could Edwy die,  
While tears bedew'd his closing eye....

I said, that Hubert ne'er again  
Bade me to Mary's oot repair.  
But I had stray'd so often there,  
Ere the chill blast of winter wild  
Had laid the little woodland bare,  
That I had often wish'd to know,  
How look'd the hawthorn, 'neath the snow.  
Sure were my gentle hints to fail  
Which oft were tried on Hubert's ear ;  
Thinking some kind, returning care  
Again would bid me seek the vale.  
And when, at last, my words were bold,  
Of long neglect, and winter's cold,  
And Mary, feeble, poor, and old ;  
His eye shot forth an angry beam,  
And as he briskly turn'd away,  
He bade me wait some future day,  
Changing my suit for lighter theme.  
At length, my feet unbidden trod  
Once more, toward the little wood,  
Where Mary's simple cottage stood.

Musing, along the lonely road,  
On Hubert's strange and alter'd mood.

And, though 'twere marvel all to me,  
Though long neglect, and alter'd look,  
And ear, unwilling, when I spoke  
Of Mary, argu'd mystery;  
Yet, if my wav'ring, light surmise  
Rested on Ellen's hazel eyes,  
And lovely face, and auburn hair,  
It scarce an instant rested there.  
As weary falcon rests his feet,  
On branch too feeble for his weight;  
And, scarcely cow'rs his wing to light,  
Ere he again has ta'en his flight.

Full in my mind, came ev'ry word,  
Hubert ere spake of Mary's need;  
And fresh his smile of pity came;  
And when I thought how seldom heard,  
On Hubert's lips was Ellen's name,  
His gentle heart and gen'rous deed  
Put all my sland'rous thoughts to shame.

And thus my thoughts beguil'd the way,  
Till deep'ning shades of ev'ning grey  
Had fled before the gloom of night.  
At distance now the glimm'ring ray

From Mary's cottage shone ;  
It cheer'd my heart, my steps more light  
Pass'd o'er the valley lone ;  
Ascending now the little hill,  
They gain'd the threshold stone.....

My heart misgave ; that sudden chill,  
That ran my brow so swiftly o'er,  
When first I op'd the cottage door,  
Came, like the harbinger of wo.  
And Carlo, on the cottage floor,  
Crouching in seeming sorrow low,  
Whose eager bark was wont before,  
To charge me briskly, at the door,  
Strengthen'd my boding fears of ill.

In rapid turn mine eyes survey'd  
The cottage o'er, with eager care  
Searching in vain for Ellen round ;  
Glance scarce at Mary once they made.  
Expectant still my wistful ear,  
So used the welcome voice to hear,  
Already seem'd to catch the sound.

And when, in resting glance, at first,  
On Mary's eyes my own were bent,  
Her look my very heart did burst,  
For pity, to my soul it went.

On face of flesh and blood, I ween,  
Such look forlorn is seldom seen.

Though I have mark'd keen anguish prey,  
O'er the pale cheek of sad dismay ;  
Such sure despair and steadfast wo,  
As reign'd, o'er ev'ry feature then,  
I never shall behold agen,  
With mortal sight, on mortal brow.  
That piteous look will ever go,  
With mem'ry, to my dying day.  
It seem'd, in sorrow's deepest need,  
As if her very soul would part.  
Such look would tame the blackest heart,  
That ever thought revengeful deed ;  
'Twould make the wretch his crimes repent ;  
'Twould blind the murd'rer's dark'ning eye,  
In purpose bent, and make the brand  
Fall sudden from his nerveless hand.  
'Twould make the robber's heart relent,  
And urge the miser's pitying sigh.

Half utter'd was the word, that hung  
At first upon my trembling tongue ;  
And quiv'ring lip and swelling heart  
Soon bade me from my purpose part ;  
For Mary's look of sad despair  
Was more than Edwy well might bear.

Her eyes upon the floor were bent,  
Forward from age her body leant;  
Her arms upon her lap repos'd,  
Her wither'd hands in grief were clos'd;  
Her forehead, checker'd o'er with cares,  
Bore furrows deep and silver hairs:  
And, all the while in silent wo,  
Down her old face, where bitter tears  
Had left the lines of former years,  
Big drops of heavy grief did flow.

And now her streaming eyes, to Heaven  
Raising, she fix'd a moment there;  
Lifting her hands still join'd in pray'r,  
As if she felt an instant then,  
Some feeble ray of hope were given.  
And now her hands were fall'n agen;  
And now, again dejected low,  
Her eyes sent forth their streams of wo,  
As if her last faint hope were riven.  
And oft her sadly piercing look  
Came to my soul, with sharp rebuke.

Then was I fain the more, to know  
The bitter cause of Mary's wo.  
For on my cheek though ready pride,  
At once, th' ungen'rous charge denied,  
Yet, when I found my colour came,  
I fear'd 'twould look like guilt and shame



And, with my very thought, the more  
This fancy spread the crimson o'er.

At length my feelings forc'd their way;  
But, when my fearful question came,  
And when I mention'd Ellen's name,  
Such sorrow trembled through her frame,  
I thought it was her dying day.  
She sobb'd aloud, her hands she wrung,  
And on her knees she feebly fell;  
Her wither'd arms around me flung,  
And then besought, that I would tell,  
Where was her dear, her only child.

And then, with piteous look she smil'd,  
And faintly clasp'd my knees, and said,  
Her blessing should be on my head,  
If her last wish were not denied,  
To see her once, before she died.

And, though by all my hopes in Heaven,  
Of life to come, and sins forgiven,  
I said, till then I ne'er had known,  
That Ellen from the cot had gone;  
She sighed, and wav'd her head the more;  
And though I said it often o'er,  
She scarcely lent a list'ning ear,  
One word of all my vows to hear;

Till by my tears she surely knew  
That all my words and vows were true.  
Then Mary fain would tell the tale,  
But oft her feeble power did fail ;  
Of all the story many a word  
Was lost, or indistinctly heard ;  
For, ere her heart could tell me all,  
Her sobs were deep, her voice was small.

She said, it was a month before,  
When Ellen bent her steps away ;  
Dress'd in her plaid and bonnet gay,  
To visit on the neighb'ring moor,  
At Agnes' cot, the hill beside.  
And, when old Mary bade her sure  
Return, before the close of day,  
Ellen with feeble voice replied,  
She should be home at eventide.  
Yet, when she spake, though Mary heard  
Her feeble voice and fault'ring word ;  
And plainly mark'd she trembled o'er,  
While standing at the cottage door ;  
The winter air was cold and chill,  
And Ellen had of late been ill.

But, when she cross'd the frozen brook,  
While Mary through the casement spied,  
Oft Ellen stopp'd, and turning, gas'd

Backward, toward the little hill ;  
And, while she cast her ling'ring look,  
Her kerchief to her eyes she rais'd :  
But piercing was the winter air,  
Which Ellen's eyes could poorly bear ;  
And Mary thought of naught beside.

Now swiftly pass'd the hours away ;  
Deep, in the west, the parting sun  
Mark'd the short race of winter day ;  
Its fleeting gold no longer shone  
On little hill, and cottage lone ;  
Its fading lustre, faintly seen,  
Danc'd o'er the pine's perennial green ;  
Short while, its gaudy colour now  
Flounc'd round the mountain's wint'ry brow :  
And, while the last fantastic ray  
Curl'd o'er its cap of drifted snow,  
'Twas ev'ning in the vale below.

No longer Mary's sharpest ken  
Saw little hill, or neighb'ring glen.  
And oft she op'd the cottage door,  
Holding her tighten'd breath, to hear  
Ellen or Carlo, on the hill ;  
And now she fancied they were near ;  
For Carlo, when the wind was strong,  
Seem'd coming with the blast along ;

And now again 'twas sunken low ;  
And now its breath had ceas'd to blow  
The brake, along the crusted snow :  
And now, its lightest whisper still,  
No sound remain'd on Mary's ear.  
At length with weariness oppress'd,  
And thinking Ellen on the moor,  
At Agnes' cot, would pass the night,  
Speeding her home, at morning light,  
Old Mary laid her limbs to rest....

Broad day upon the cottage shone,  
Ere Mary woke ; and, scarce she mourn'd,  
That Ellen yet had not return'd,  
When, by the wonted bark, 'twas known,  
Carlo had reach'd the threshold stone.

Quickly she rose, and op'd the door,  
Her lips half said the greeting fair,  
Forward she gave her welcome hand.....  
Then fail'd her heart, she scarce could stand,  
The little Ellen was not there ;  
And Carlo had return'd alone.

Slowly he pass'd the threshold o'er,  
And lagging step and panting tongue  
Spake weary limbs, and journey long.  
She look'd along the vale below,  
In vain, for plaid and bonnet green.

She gas'd upon the morning snow,  
No print of Ellen's foot was seen ;  
Fast now were gath'ring Mary's fears,  
Doubts came in anxious crowd ;  
And now she thought of Ellen's tears,  
Which, 'neath the hawthorn bower she spied,  
And Ellen vainly strove to hide ;  
How oft, upon her little bed,  
When e'er of late her pray'rs she said,  
Ellen had sobb'd aloud.

Old Mary's mind at length was bent,  
To seek for Ellen on the moor.  
Her sad repast in haste she made ;  
And scarce the besom, ere she went,  
Pass'd lightly round the cottage floor :  
Her humble couch she loosely spread....  
Then trembled Mary's feeble frame,  
Cold dew upon her forehead came,  
When first she turn'd her pillow o'er ;  
For none, but Ellen, there had laid  
The purse, which Mary's hands had made.  
Full many years before,  
The token Mary's self had given  
To Ellen, on a Christmas even.

It was a gift for mem'ry dear,  
And, only once in ev'ry year,  
Ellen the treasure wore ;

When merry Christmas eve came round,  
And holly deck'd the cottage fair;  
And Agnes, Ann, and Constance there  
Partook of Ellen's welcome cheer;  
Or forward bent, with ear profound,  
Old Mary's wond'rous tale to hear;  
Of wizard's might, and giant's brand,  
And legend fair of fairy land.

But now, for sorrow's heavy swell,  
And tears, like floods of rain that fell,  
No more the tale could Mary tell.  
But from its place the purse she took,  
And, while upon my hand she laid,  
Though nought she spake, yet, in her look,  
Her very soul might well be read.

My trembling fingers scarce unbound  
The silken string, that twin'd it round.

Ah, wand'rer ! sure, I need not tell  
What sorrow from mine eyes there fell,  
When, glancing down, they wander'd there,  
O'er purse, and gold, and trinkets fair;  
And how my brow was damp and cold,  
When first they fix'd their eager gaze,  
Upon the little em'erald's rays,  
That Hubert's finger us'd to wear.

And how my heart strings, weak and old,  
Their struggling pris'ner scarce could hold,  
When, last of all, I pender'd o'er  
The tale of grief, that Ellen told.

In ev'ry line, 'twas plain to spy  
The trembling hand and tearful eye.

It was an artless tale of sorrow ;  
How she had lent a willing ear,  
Long since, of Hubert's love to hear ;  
How kind were all the words, that hung  
Delusive on his wily tongue :  
How she had often said, 'twas shame,  
That gallant youth should wed with her ;  
And bade him woo some city dame,  
While Ellen chang'd her humble name,  
For that of some poor cottager.  
How gently then would Hubert smile,  
And, gazing o'er her face the while,  
Swear, that the fates would ill betide,  
If Ellen were not Hubert's bride.

And how, at last with fair disguise,  
And plighted vows, and tears, and sighs,  
He robb'd her of her dearest fame ;  
And how poor Ellen's op'ning eyes  
First shed the bitter drops of sorrow.

How chang'd was ev'ry scene !  
The purling brook, she lov'd to hear,  
Though soft it marmur'd, pain'd her ear.  
The matin lark, whose lofty measure  
Could turn her morning toil to pleasure ;  
Though still his notes were loud and high,  
Call'd the big tear to Ellen's eye.  
All wither'd seem'd those hawthorn bow'rs,  
Where she had pass'd her happiest hours ;  
Though ne'er more levely shone their flow'rs,  
Mid leaves of livelier green.

And how, full oft at rustling brake,  
Her cheek would flush, her limbs would shake ;  
And how, when Carlo brush'd her by,  
She started wild, yet knew not why ;  
And, when he frisk'd in gambol gay,  
How tears, unwonted, found their way.

And then she bade her last farewell ;  
Saying, her feet no more could dwell,  
Where ev'ry scene did sadly tell  
Of former joys, of present wo,  
How happy once, how wretched now  
Was Ellen's hopeless doom.

Still could she bear the world's rebuke,  
Her own remorse, and woman's scorn ;  
Nay, all but Mary's piteous look.



That look of grief, when once 'twas known,  
Her child was lost, her name was gone,  
Poor Ellen's thread of life would sever.

Far better, when her babe was born,  
To seek some lowly tomb,  
And hide her from the world for ever.

And thus her last request she made ;  
"Mother ! this purse thy hands convey'd,  
To Ellen, in her childish years ;  
'Tis now beneath thy pillow laid,  
Wet with thy daughter's bitter tears ;  
Mother ! if thine with mine can blend,  
Shed here thy deepest drops of sorrow ;  
And dream thy daughter's days did end,  
Ere op'd her eyes, to weep for morrow."

"This em'rald ring to Hubert bear,  
Tell him, for me the pledge to wear.  
Tell him, MY LOVE AND CONSTANCY  
WITH LIFE SHALL E'ER ABIDE ;  
For these were Hubert's words to me,  
One summer's eventide."

"Fair was that eve, like Ellen's heart,  
And ev'ry bird did sing,  
When Hubert, near the little brook,  
Bestow'd this em'rald ring."

"Tell him, for cold neglect and long,  
Though Ellen's tears do steal,  
Her heart ne'er chides him for the wrong;  
Nor has that heart a wish, so strong,  
As that for Hubert's weal."

"Tell him, if, on the scroll of Heaven,  
A crime be found, recorded there,  
*The hapless Ellen's ruin'd fame,*  
*Against the wretched Hubert's name;*  
Kind Heav'n will grant, her tears may fall,  
And wash that record from the scroll;  
And in its place, shall stand, as fair,  
*The little Ellen's constant pray'r,*  
*That Hubert's crime may be forgiven"....*

Deeply my heart was forc'd to bleed,  
And fast my tears to flow;  
For shame, at Hubert's cruel deed  
For grief, at Ellen's wo.

In vain those tears of sorrow flow'd,  
In vain were all my words bestow'd;  
And all in vain I strove to raise  
Old Mary's hopes of happier days,  
When Ellen's self should sooth her woes.  
Still ev'ry look was deep dismay,  
No word in answer e'er she said;

With downward brow, she wav'd her head ;  
And ev'ry flood of tears, that rose,  
Wash'd from her heart those hopes away.  
As rising billow washes o'er  
Frail marks upon the sandy shore.

At length she said, all hopes were gone,  
Her cup was full, her race was run ;  
And well she knew, their sins forgiven,  
She soon should meet her child in Heaven :  
For heart, so kind, and love, so strong,  
Could ne'er endure such fortune long.

To Hubert, then she bade me bring  
Ellen's forgiveness, and the ring ;  
And say, of all those years of wo,  
That hapless Hubert's heart must know,  
Old Mary wish'd no more,  
Of all those days of bitter gall,  
To wretched Hubert's lot might fall ;  
Than, when his youth had wan'd away,  
And blood grew chill, and locks were grey,  
One, still, reflecting hour....

And, when I left the little cot,  
With kindest words my heart could feel,  
Of tidings soon, and Ellen's weal ;  
It seem'd, as if she heard me not.

My tears fast were flowing,  
The chill blast was blowing,  
'Twas midnight, and lone was the way o'er the  
moor ;

Though dreary and cheerless,  
My bosom was fearless,  
And strong were my steps, as I turn'd from the  
door.

The woes of poor Ellen  
My heart high were swelling ;  
That heart, 'gainst the spoiler beat heavy and  
strong ;

Those lips, that oft bless'd him,  
Those hands, that caress'd him,  
Implor'd Heaven's vengeance to wait on the  
wrong.

Yet, when I thought, how oft his brow,  
Of late was clouded o'er with wo ;  
And when the cause was now so clear  
Of sudden start, and frequent tear,  
And late carouse, and goblet high,  
And all unwonted revelry ;  
Some hope rose feebly o'er my mind :  
No youth was e'er as Hubert kind ;  
His smile was fair, his heart was free,  
In deeds of gentlest charity.

Sure then for Ellen it must feel,  
Though black with crimes, and cas'd in steel.  
But much I fear'd, he ne'er, for pride,  
Would seek poor Ellen for his bride.

Yet firm was Edwy's purpose then,  
That ne'er his limbs should rest agen,  
Though his old knees might need delay,  
Though cold the blast, and long the way ;  
Until to Hubert he should bring  
The words of Ellen, and the ring.  
And, if the wretch should recreant prove,  
Alike to honour and to love ;  
Then Edwy's bitter curse should flow,  
On Hubert's head for ever ;  
And o'er the world would Edwy go,  
Till wand'ring Ellen, safe from harms,  
Found rest in aged Edwy's arms :  
Nor pause till then his feet should know,  
Save life's frail thread should sever.

Then Edwy's store would well supply  
The days of Ellen's destiny ;  
For I had grown, in service, grey,  
Nor wasted e'er my gains away.....

The day had dawn'd while on mine ear,  
As homeward now approaching near,

Came the loud shout and laughter high,  
With mingled sounds of revelry.

And, when my foot-steps reach'd the hall,  
'Twas rude carouse, and riot all.  
Round went the song and jovial glee,  
And Hubert's voice rang merrily.

His mirth swell'd high my heart, the more;  
In scorn, I gaz'd his features o'er;  
Soon then I mark'd his kindling eye,  
That glanc'd on mine in fierce reply.  
For oft, of late, my counsel bore,  
'Gainst nights of endless revelry.

In wrath, upon my face he gaz'd;  
His wine-sick brain could poorly brook  
My bended brow, and clouded look.  
And, when I wav'd my locks of grey,  
His burning anger forc'd its way;  
A goblet from the beard he rais'd,  
He hurl'd the cup, it scath'd my brow,  
And big, red drops began to flow.  
Then riot rose, and all the throng  
Rang loud applause, in laughter long.  
But Hubert's face was clouded o'er;  
For, still regardless of the blow,  
With look unchang'd, such glance I bore,  
As Edwy never gave before.

And Hubert well might feel amaze,  
For bold and scorching was my gaze.

Down my grey hairs, the red stream ran,  
While slowly thus, my words began ;  
" Hubert ! these hairs resent the wrong !  
Thine aim was true, thine arm is strong ;

So, Hubert, once were mine :  
Where this old scar deforms my brow,  
From which, once more the red drops flow,  
I bore, for thee, a ruffian's blow ;  
This arm then laid the victim low,  
And sav'd that life of thine !"

Full, in his eye, the tear-drop came,  
He gnaw'd his lip, for rage and shame....  
Wand'rer, when youthful blood ran high,  
When toys and trifles were thy cares,  
Didst e'er, in boyish revelry,  
Scoff at an old man's silver hairs ?  
If so, perhaps thy heart has borne  
That old man's silent look of scorn.  
Then well thou know'st, why slept that hall,  
Where late 'twas noise and riot all.

Soon went the crowd ; and, slowly then,  
I thus resum'd my words agen :

" Hubert ! 'tis true, in other years,  
For such ungen'rous deed,  
Old Edwy's eyes would fill with tears,  
For grief, his heart would bleed"....

His trembling lips could nought reply,  
And tears o'erflow'd his downcast eye,  
For, scarce had gone the noisy crowd,  
Ere fast he wept and sobb'd aloud....

“Hubert ! preserve those tears that flow,  
And shed them for another's wo !  
If in thy breast, remorse, for wrong  
Can plunge its deadly sting ;  
If e'er thy heart of steel can bleed,  
For blackest crime, for foulest deed ;  
Weep for the woes of her, to whom  
Thou gav'st this em'rald ring !”

Wild then and sudden was his start ;  
Soon from his lips the blood did part.  
And strangely now he fix'd his gaze,  
Upon the little em'rald's blaze.  
His fading sight with frantic glare  
Seem'd feebly still directed there,  
Nor more then seem'd ; now reel'd his head,  
His senses fail'd, his vigour fled.  
Then flush'd my face, my fears grew strong,  
For flick'ring life had linger'd long ;  
And long I chaf'd his palms and brows,  
Ere to his cheek the life-blood rose.



At length, there came a piteous sigh ;  
And, when the little em'rald's light  
Glanc'd on his slowly lifting eye,  
He strangely shudder'd at the sight.

And, when I deem'd his strength would bear  
To hear the tale, I told him all ;  
And mark'd the bitter tear-drops fall.  
And, ere of half my lips could say,  
They rested oft in short delay ;  
For oft his cheek grew deadly pale,  
And oft his senses 'gan to fail.

But, when I said, " for all the wrong  
She chides thee not ; her constant pray'r  
Shall stand upon the scroll of heaven,  
'That Hubert's crime may be forgiven ;"  
Both palms his wretched face did hide,  
While, with short sobs, he feebly cried,  
" Oh ! spare me, cruel Edwy, spare !"

" No, Hubert !" Edwy then replied,  
" Still heavier be thy sorrow laden !  
Still flow thy tears, in bitter tide !  
Thou didst not spare an hapless maiden !  
Though heavy now thy heart may seem,  
Yet light will be that heart tomorrow ;

Not far is now that bright'ning beam,  
Whose smile shall chase away thy sorrow.

Oh, Hubert ! can thy heart be gay,  
While Ellen's heart is sunk for ever ?"

With quiv'ring lip he quick did say,  
"No ! good old Edwy, never ! never !  
Her wrongs shall be my daily theme ;  
Her woes shall be my nightly dream ;  
No smile upon this brow shall beam ;  
No joy within this heart shall gleam ;  
No garb I'll wear but weeds of wo ;  
No rest my wand'ring feet shall know ;  
In ev'ry draught my tears shall show'r,  
And mingle with the spring ;  
Till Ellen's hand, in bridal hour,  
Receive this em'rald ring !"....

Soft were my hours of short repose ;  
I dream'd, that poor, old Mary's woes  
And hapless Ellen's griefs were o'er,  
And Hubert was a wretch no more....

Now, from my couch, in haste I rose,  
That Mary's heart might joy, to know  
Of Hubert's penitential vow.  
And, ne'er with half the speed, before,  
Old Edwy reach'd the cottage door.  
Lightly my footsteps enter'd there,  
While on my brow smil'd tidings fair.

Upon her bed old Mary laid ;  
Her hands were clasp'd, as if she pray'd.  
But soon I mark'd, though piercing cold,  
No blaze the cottage hearth did hold ;  
And Carlo, couch'd beside the bed,  
With piteous whine, and lifted head.

One eager glance assur'd me now,  
Her wither'd chin had sunken low.  
And in her eye, half op'd, half clos'd,  
The silent look of death repos'd.  
Her last sad tear had ceas'd to flow,  
And frozen, on her cheek, did stand.  
And, when I lightly pass'd my hand,  
With trembling haste, upon her brow,  
My fingers seem'd on mountain snow !....

Wanderer, have you ever seen,  
Half hidden, in the lowland green,  
The bashful lily of the vale ;  
One single bell upon a stem ?  
Whose fragrance floated on the gale,  
Whose lustre brighter grew,  
When closer to the flow'r you came,  
And gaz'd with nearer view ?  
And, when you rais'd its little head,  
More fragrance and new lustre shed ;  
And, when releas'd, resum'd again  
Its humble air and modest mien ?

Say, have you torn away the flow'r,  
The plaything of an idle hour,  
    And thrown it lightly by?  
And did you e'er, at parting, view  
The stock, on which the lily grew,  
And mark, how soon the feeble stem,  
Dishonour'd of its only gem,  
    Would droop, and pine, and die?

Thus lovely once did Ellen seem,  
When first, beside the little stream,  
Hubert her artless charms survey'd,  
As there at eventide she stray'd.

Thus, on her cheek the deep'ning hue,  
More closely seen, more lovely grew;  
And thus her modest head she hung,  
When love was first on Hubert's tongue.  
And thus he stole away the flow'r,  
The plaything of an idle hour,  
    And threw it lightly by;  
And thus old Mary's heart, despoil'd,  
Robb'd of her dear, her only child,  
    Did droop, and pine, and die....  
Soon turn'd away my footsteps then,  
And never pass'd the vale agen.  
But, when I left the lonely cot,  
Old Carlo seem'd to heed me not;

Still fix'd, he gaz'd upon the bed,  
With piteous whine, and lifted head :  
Nor could I force him from the spot.

But, as I pass'd a cottier's cell,  
And stopp'd, of Mary's death to tell;  
My words for faithful Carlo, there  
Ensur'd an aged herdsman's care,  
Who said he knew the lurcher well....

Long were the tale of Hubert's woes,  
And constant toil, and short repose,  
And frequent tear, and bitter sigh ;  
And fading cheek, and fever'd eye,  
And wild resolve, before a word  
Of hapless Ellen's fate he heard.

As long the tale, as sad to hear,  
Of wand'ring Ellen's constant tear,  
And drooping head, and fainting heart,  
And flick'ring life, that long'd to part ;  
And sharp rebuke, and woman's scorn,  
Long, ere her happy babe was born ;  
Scarce to breathe the air of morrow,  
Ere to leave a world of sorrow.

Twere wrong, thy gentle heart should know,  
Of all those hours of varied wo,  
That long the friendless Ellen bore.  
And shall my sorrowing heart declare

What vice and misery were there,  
 Where my long search, at last, regain'd  
 All, that of Ellen still remain'd ?  
 Kind stranger, let me pass it o'er....  
 But no, for now thine anxious eyes  
 Speak some unkind, unjust surmise....

And is thy luckless fortune blind,  
 To half the worth of womankind ?  
 And canst thou, in ungen'rous part,  
 Think lightly of a woman's heart ?

Such thoughts were mine, but long before  
 The frothy tide of youth was o'er.  
 And long, till manhood drew the veil,  
 'Gainst woman's heart, I lov'd to rail ;  
 'Gainst woman's heart, I lov'd to hear  
 The jest unkind, and word severe.  
 For then it surely seem'd to me,  
 That woman's love and constancy  
 Were legend light, and fairy tale.

But if, 'gainst gentle woman, aught  
 Thou bear'st, in such ungen'rous thought,  
 Shame on a heart, that would disown  
 The fairest jewel in its crown !  
 Oh ! let such thought for ever go !  
 Or never, never shalt thou know  
 Life's dearest drop of balm, that flows  
 To mingle with thy worldly woes.

And, through thy mortal journey, long  
Thy loss shall pay thee for the wrong.  
Thy bitter youth shall never feel  
That tear of soul-felt rapture steal,  
While dearest thoughts thy heart beguile,  
Of tender love and constancy ;  
Gazing on heav'nly woman's smile,  
That lives and loves, alone for thee,

Thy stale noon day of life shall run,  
Before another's youth is done:

On woman, if thou hadst bestow'd,  
In youth, thy love, thy constant cares ;  
Lighter by half had been thy load,  
Fewer by half had been thy tears.

And, when thy wane is chill and drear,  
And, when the verge of life is near,  
No woman's love and constancy  
Shall shed one bitter tear for thee ;  
No hand shall ask thy last caressing ;  
No child shall seek thy tender blessing....

If, 'gainst the heart of Ellen now,  
Such thoughts within thy bosom flow,  
Oh, let one gen'rous tear-drop part,  
And blot the scandal from thy heart !

No varying griefs her love could change,  
No weight of woes her heart estrange.

And, if thou marvell'st how it fell;  
'That Ellen's feet e'er came to dwell  
In haunts of vice ; then stranger, know,  
Perfidious man, in pity's guise,  
Basely seduc'd her to the cell !  
And, there he long and vainly strove,  
Poor Ellen's changeless heart to move,  
With paltry gold and empty sighs.

For, when he found her, houseless, poor,  
And begging alms, from door to door ;  
He said, 'twas shame, that one, so fair,  
Such cruel part were doom'd to bear ;  
And kindly ask'd that she would tell,  
Where chanc'd herself and friends to dwell.

And, when he knew no friends were near,  
No father's shield, no brother's spear,  
Whose lion-heart might not be long,  
To right an injur'd sister's wrong ;  
His gallant soul, its purpose high,  
Her cup of bitter gall to fill,  
To make a wretch more wretched still,  
Conceal'd, beneath a pitying sigh.  
He said, he knew a gentle friend,



An aged dame, whose ample store,  
And tender heart, and friendly door  
Were always open to the poor.

Long time he strove with purpose vain,  
O'er Ellen's constant heart to reign.  
At length the wretch, with nought to boast,  
But time and labour, basely lost,  
Turn'd from the chase, and gave it o'er;  
Nor cast one thought of Ellen more.

Her weary woes, at last, o'ercame  
Her tender heart and feeble frame;  
And, in her wildly staring eye,  
Now rag'd the burning hectic high.  
No gentle hand, no constant care  
Turn'd Ellen's fever'd pillow there :  
And, had not Heav'n directed then  
My steps, to find her secret cell,  
My feet had sought the wretch in vain.  
For Ellen ne'er I dream'd to see,  
In haunts like these ; where sorrows pow'r,  
And cruel man's perfidious part  
Can oft compel the wretched heart,  
To short-liv'd vice and misery ;  
Till, to mine ear, a tale there came,  
That, in these hideous haunts, did dwell  
A wretch, who turn'd her haggard eye,

From man's, as from a tiger's low'r;  
And oft, in her delirious hour,  
Call'd wildly upon Hubert's name;  
And rav'd of love and constancy....

Oh! 'twas a piteous thing, to see  
The little Ellen's misery.  
For fever'd blood and constant care  
Had sadly shorn her flowing hair.  
That hazel eye did strangely glare,  
And, in its socket sunken low,  
Now told of nought but wild despair.  
Care's anxious hand had stamp'd, e'en now,  
Its checker'd signet on her brow.  
Her cheek, deep lin'd by streaming woes,  
Display'd, by fits, the fev'rish rose,  
And pallid lily, sadly fair.  
And, when the hectic strife was o'er,  
Then on her cheek the rose no more  
Strove, 'gainst the pale usurper's pow'r;  
The lily sat in triumph there.  
Scarce aught remain'd, by which to know:  
'Twas Ellen, but her tale of wo....

That hawthorn, which I oft have seen,  
With flow'rs so fair, and leaves so green,  
Long since has yielded to the storm,  
And stands like Ellen's blighted form.

Its pride, its fragrance, all have past  
Away, before the wint'ry blast ;  
Its flow'r is lost, its leaf is shorn ;  
And, save its sharp and rugged thorn,  
No sign is seen, no vestige there,  
Of lovely hawthorn, once so fair....

Yet, still some fading lines were seen,  
That told what Ellen once had been.  
For nature's stamp, so fair and strong,  
Must stand the tide of sorrow long....

But wand'rer, well thy wearied ear  
May lag, an old man's tale to hear.  
And, if the tale has been too long,  
Forgive an old man's erring tongue ;  
Whose mem'ry loves to linger o'er  
The days of youth, the scenes of yore....

Now the mower's toil is ending,  
Flocks and herds are homeward bending ;  
And, mark ! beneath the mountain's brow ;  
The parting sun has sunk low....  
The time of summer's day were small,  
If thou wouldst hear, to tell thee all ;  
Of tender meeting, sadly fair ;  
Of Ellen's tear, of Hubert's pray'r ;  
And how at first, poor Ellen sighed,  
When Hubert sought her for his bride.

She said, her heart had lost its pride,  
Her soul must wend to Heaven.  
And how, when Ellen came to know,  
Of wretched Hubert's dreadful vow,  
She wore the ring, in bridal hour,  
And said, that all her griefs were o'er :  
For, though she felt they soon must part,  
Yet, now she knew that Hubert's heart  
Would surely be forgiven.

And how, of all when tidings came  
To Hubert's sire ; for rage and shame,  
He fiercely turn'd him from his door :  
For Hubert then had long withstood  
His cruel sire's unbending mood ;  
Nor e'er would give his heartless hand,  
For wealthy lady's gear and land.

And how old Edwy ne'er before,  
Mid all the joys of better years,  
Knew such a dear, and heart-felt hour,  
As, when his constant pray'rs and tears  
Prevail'd, on Hubert's heart, to take  
His ample store, for Ellen's sake.

And how at length, no more to bide,  
With cruel sire and heartless friend  
Old Edwy cross'd the ocean billow,  
With Hubert and his drooping bride.

Who made the little Ellen's grave?  
And wilt thou make a grave for me?  
And then his features sadly smil'd;  
And then they chang'd to laughter wild.  
But soon he turn'd his steps away,  
Seeking the spot where Ellen lay.  
And, when the willow came in sight,  
He turn'd, and whisper'd in mine ear,  
Some words, so low I could not hear:  
Then, with slow tread, and footing light,  
And lifted finger, creeping near,  
Short while, his list'ning ear he laid  
    Upon the tablet low;  
Then slowly rising, wav'd his head,  
    And tears began to flow.  
Then crouch'd upon the tablet grey,  
Till slumber chas'd his woes away,  
As now, beneath the lonely willow,  
He makes the simple stone his pillow....

Plainer now thou hear'st the fountain,  
    Murm'ring brook, and tinkling bell;  
Day has gone beyond the mountain;  
    Eventide is in the dell....

Go, gentle wand'rer, go!  
The task is o'er, the tale is told:  
And sure thy heart will ne'er withhold  
One pray'r, that Hubert's bitter tears  
May blot the crime of former years;  
    One sigh, for Ellen's wo.

# **THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.**



## THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.

**N**ow blithe the fairy circles glide,  
In frolic dance, at eventide ;  
They screen their forms from mortal eye,  
In green and silver livery :  
Green is the mead on which they stray,  
And silver is the moonbeam's ray.

Within the magic ring,  
There stands a cave, whose thousand rays  
The silver beam in pride displays ;  
Blending the crystal's gairish sheen,  
With lively light of jasper green :  
Its dome with crystal is array'd,  
And jasper gems its colonnade :  
There reigns th' Æolian king....

Slow rising from the cavern'd hall,  
First comes an aged seneschal,  
His finger on his lips he lays,  
The sign the fairy band obeys ;



They cease the dance, they form the ring,  
And wait expectant for the king.

The monarch comes ; again to all,  
The sign the seneschal conveys,  
His finger on his lips he lays ;  
No fairy from the ring dares stir,  
But on the knee they lightly fall,  
And wave their wands of gossamer.

The high command, on rapid wing,  
Bears Zephyr, herald of the king,  
To ev'ry breeze and ev'ry gale,  
On mountain cliff, in lowland dale.  
E'en to the winds, that gently sweep  
The tiny stream, and curl the deep,  
The herald bears the tidings high.  
The East alone and all his train,  
Unbidden to the court remain.  
Instant the winds obedient fly ;  
Around their monarch's cave they stand,  
And silent wait their king's command.

All own their lord, from noisy North,  
Who leads his blasts in riot forth,  
E'en to the breeze, that softly blows,  
In love, upon the wild wood-rose.

All, but the whirlwind, at the word,  
Speed with liege haste before their lord ;  
He bade th' Æolian herald bring  
His bold defiance to the king....

Uprose the kings of winds ; the band  
Of fairies rise, and round him stand.  
No breeze dare move, whose breath could stir  
Their little wands of gossamer.  
Swift, at the word, an herald brings  
The living lyre, of silver strings ;  
And, in th' Æolian monarch's name,  
He makes aloud the high proclaim.  
“ Come, all ye winds, who dare aspire,  
To sweep the soft Æolian lyre !  
In order rise, no humble meed  
Is to the victor wind decreed ;  
Be it or zephyr, breeze, or gale,  
Whose skill shall o'er the lyre prevail !”

The herald ceas'd ; when, loud and strong,  
The North wind rush'd amid the throng ;  
Unmarshall'd forth he sprung, and seiz'd the lyre :  
With wild, tremendous hand he pass'd  
Along the chords, in wint'ry blast.  
So rude the touch, so rough the measure,  
The fairies fled, and from their hands  
In fear they dropp'd their magic wands.

**68 THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.**

Confusion ran through all the crowd,  
And trembling zephyrs sighed aloud.  
Yet was the noisy North so vain,  
He fain would have the lyre again ;  
The lyre had rapt his soul in pleasure.  
The herald rose, and bade the North retire.  
Again, obedient to the king,  
The fairies form'd the magic ring....

Again the herald made proclaim ;  
The herald ceas'd....th' inconstant South uprose ;  
No zephyr in his train there came :  
With conscious pride he vaunted forth,  
Pleas'd at the failure of the North ;  
For North and South were old and deadly foes.

Amid the fairy throng,  
With lofty step and strong,  
He proudly swept along.

Wild and fantastic were the sounds he made.  
Now madly bold, now trembling and afraid,  
His fev'rish hand in haste display'd  
The varying notes, from high to low :  
And now, with rapid hand of fire,  
He rudely twang'd the chords, and now  
He softly crept along the lyre.

Proud of his skill, he glanc'd around  
Upon the North, in high disdain,  
Whose hand had tried the lyre in vain :  
And now his notes again grew strong ;  
    He sought for higher fame.  
But when he found from all the throng  
    No murm'ring plaudit came ;  
His hand grew light, he lower'd his tone,  
And glanc'd upon the monarch's throne :  
    The monarch frown'd.  
Sudden, he lost his native fire,  
And quiv'ring, fault'ring, dropp'd the lyre ;  
    And died away for shame.

The herald now could scarce restrain  
The North wind, from the lyre again.

Once more the herald made proclaim ;  
And now a thousand clouds there came,  
With hollow blast and tempest strong,  
That pioneer'd the East along.  
Uprose the king of winds with ire,  
And bade the pioneers retire ;  
And tell their lord, who dare resort  
Unbidden to th' Æolian court,  
To keep his blast and tempest bound,  
Whene'er the harp of winds should sound ;  
Nor then permit his clouds to stray,  
Athwart the noonbeam's silv'ry way.

70      THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.

Swift at the word, away they pass'd,  
Like April clouds in Southern blast....

Thrice now the herald made proclaim,  
Ere forth the modest West wind came :  
Twelve zephyrs first before him move,  
Who breathe the balmy breath of love.

Short while with single hand,  
He softly swept the silver strings along :  
And, when he found his hand was true,  
He paus'd upon the lyre.

While, of the zephyr band,  
One lightly o'er the harp his fingers threw ;  
His tiny fingers trembled as they flew,  
Unwont alone to raise a note so strong,  
He ceas'd ; another came, and now again  
Another ; and till none at last remain  
Of all the little choir,  
Who have not tried their quav'ring skill,  
Upon the silver lyre :  
Now sleeps the harp of winds, and all is still !....

Hark ! it is the lyre again !  
Rest thy breath to catch the strain !  
Now in choir the zephyr throng  
Gently sweep the chords along !

Hark ! they wake the trembling measure !  
Now they warble notes of pleasure,  
Glee and roundelay !  
Now they raise their wild notes higher !  
And now they swell the sounds in fullest choir !  
And now they die away !  
Yet die so gently on thine ear,  
That still the sounds thou seem'st to hear.  
Again the harp is still ; and now  
A smile is on the monarch's brow.  
Cheer'd by that smile, advances to the lyre  
The West alone, the zephyr train retire.

Along the silver strings,  
His hand he lightly flings,  
In measure gently wild.  
Instant he lifts his anxious gaze,  
'Tis not to seek the monarch's praise ;  
The timid West had secret fear  
He might displease the royal ear :  
He saw the monarch smil'd...  
His heart is firm, his hand is strong ;  
He sweeps the silver strings along.

Entranc'd, the North, with ear profound,  
Now holds his breath to hear the sound.  
Amid the skies  
The wild notes rise ;

And now to earth they slowly fall ;  
And now they murmur, 'neath the hollow ground.  
As if the deep thou'd measures swell,  
From wizard's cave, or druid's cell.  
So distant now and small,  
Thou scarce canst hear !  
And now, so near,  
'Thou seem'st thy very self to raise the sound,  
That strikes thine ear !  
'Tis rapture all !

He wakes the silver lyre again ;  
Mild is the measure, soft the strain.  
Lull'd to rest by magic numbers,  
Care is sooth'd, and sorrow slumbers.'  
The liquid sounds, in soft control,  
Now gently bind the raptur'd soul ;  
Now o'er this nether world they rise,  
And bear it softly to the skies :  
'Till, with the measure clear and even,  
It seems to rest awhile in Heaven !

Still is the lyre !  
The West and all his zephyr train retire....  
The herald smil'd, the monarch bow'd ;  
And plaudits ran through all the crowd.  
The noisy North acclaim'd aloud ;  
He fain again would hear the measure.

And ev'ry fairy in the band  
Now wav'd aloft his little wand :  
And ev'ry zephyr sighed for pleasure.

The herald made his last proclaim :  
No zephyr, breeze, or gale there came....

Now spake that herald high, whose stand  
Was on the monarch's better hand ;  
And thus aloud decreed ;  
" Of all the winds, the Western gale,  
Alone, does o'er the lyre prevail !  
Then let no other wind aspire,  
To touch the soft Æolian lyre :  
Such is the victor's meed !"

And now the monarch waves his hand  
The seneschal the sign convey ,  
His finger on his lips he lays ;  
And ev'ry fairy in the band  
Now doffs his plume, and bends his knee,  
And to the West wind, three times three,  
Bows down his head, and waves his little wand.

The herald glanc'd upon the king ;  
Again he wav'd his hand ;  
The fairies op'd their magic ring ;  
And, from the monarch's band,



**74      THE TRIAL OF THE HARP.**

Three pursuivants escorted forth  
The West wind, and the South, and North :  
And ev'ry zephyr, breeze, and gale  
Sought mountain cliff, and lowland dale.

Now slowly, to the cavern'd hall,  
Proceeds that aged seneschal ;  
The herald bears the silver lyre :  
And last the monarch's steps retire.

Now, govern'd by their elfin king,  
The fairies dance in mystic ring ;  
Till morning lustre faintly gleams,  
And mingles with the silver beams.

They close their elfin monarch round.  
He gives the sign, he stamps the ground ;  
And now they fly a thousand ways,  
In haste to shun the morning rays ;  
Till ev'ry fairy finds his cell,  
Within the lily's perfum'd bell.

# **BILLOWY WATER.**



## BILLOWY WATER.

ON THE BANKS OF A RIVER, AT MOON-LIGHT.

THESE lines appeared first, in Boston, in the Palladium. They were republished in London, shortly after, in the Courier, without any notice of their transatlantic origin. This remark is intended for those, who have known them only as the lines in the Courier ; or who have seen them, in some of our own newspapers, as "the production of an anonymous British Bard."

**B**ILLOWY water, roll along !

While far I mark thy various way ;  
At first, from gentle fountains sprung ;  
Through meadows wont to stray.

Softly there thy smooth tide flows ;  
Where, lighted by the moon's pale beam,  
The margin wild-flower fondly bows,  
To kiss thy silv'ry stream.

Wavy soon thy waters grow,  
Nor longer softly, gently glide ;  
And other tiny streamlets flow,  
To swell thy bustling pride.

Now thou quitt'st thy native shoals,  
Some deeper, bolder course to find.  
A river now thy current rolls,  
And leaves the stream behind.

Onward to the ocean wide,  
It pours a torrent, loud and strong ;  
And bears, resistless, on its tide,  
Its grav'lly bed along.

There thy turbid wave is seen  
To hold afar its muddy way ;  
As if it scorn'd, with salt sea green,  
To mix its waters grey.

So, the troubled \*Arve pursues  
His cloudy way, through limpid Rhone ;

\* "BEFORE you enter the town of Sallenche, you must cross the Arve, which, at this season, is much larger than in winter, being swollen by the dissolving snows of the Alps.

"This river has its source at the parish of Argentiere, in the valley of Chamouni, is immediately augmented by torrents from the neighbouring Glaciers, and pours its chill turbid stream into the Rhone, soon after that river issues from the lake of Geneva.

"The contrast between these two rivers is very striking, the one being as pure and limpid as the other is foul and muddy.

"The Rhone seems to scorn the alliance, and keeps as long as possible unmingled with his dirty spouse.

Nor dies it with its sable hues,  
But holds his course alone.

Still, afar as eye can strain,  
Thy waves are seen, in tempest tost ;  
Impetuous rushing midst the main,  
Where all in surge is lost.

Billowy water, roll along !  
While far I mark thy various way ;  
Thy murm'ring stream, thy torrent strong  
Life's varying tide display.

First, its infant waters flow,  
Through verdant dale, and flowery mead ;  
Where lilies of the valley blow,  
And fairies softly tread.

Glassy now its bosom seems ;  
But Avarice soon and bubbling Pride  
Pour in their tributary streams ;  
And swell the little tide.

"Two miles below the place of their junction, a difference and opposition between this ill-sorted couple is still observable : these, however, gradually abate by long habit, till at last, yielding to necessity, and those unrelenting laws which joined them together, they mix in perfect union, and flow in a common stream to the end of their course."

*Moore's View of France, &c. Vol. I.*

Swift the manly torrent pours,  
In frothy billows proudly tost,  
And 'midst life's troubled ocean roars,  
Till all in noise is lost.

## **THE PLUNDERER'S GRAVE.**





## THE PLUNDERER'S GRAVE.

Snow hides the green mountain,  
Beneath its white billow ;  
And chill'd is the fountain,  
And leafless the willow :  
The tempest, loud swelling,  
Now drives along dreary ;  
Before the storm yelling,  
The sea-mew flies weary,  
And cowering, seeks shelter from ocean's wild roar.  
While billows are bounding,  
O'er rude rocks, surrounding  
The long sandy beach, and the craggy lee-shore.

Where now does the bark ride,  
The wild water braving ?  
Where now, o'er the dark tide,  
The gay streamer waving ?  
And where now, so fearless,  
The mariner, helming

Mid clouds dark and cheerless,  
And ocean o'erwhelming?  
Where now is the heart of that mariner brave?  
That bark is dismantled!  
That mariner blasted!  
That streamer has drunken the wild water-wave!

O'er breakers, loud crashing,  
The waves fiercely bound her;  
While rude billows, dashing  
In riot, roll round her.  
Go, helmsman, mid ocean  
Thine arm now must save thee!  
Oh! kiss with devotion  
The pledge, that she gave thee,  
Who ne'er may behold thee, her sailor, again!  
Think of her, who is dearest,  
When danger is nearest,  
Then plunge thy bold form in the rough rolling  
main!

Now tall waves dash over him,  
Ah! vainly contending;  
Hope sinks fast before him;  
His struggles are ending.  
Now waves gently growing,  
Seem rising to save him;  
Now, o'er the beach flowing,  
More softly they lave him:

His motionless corse on the lone shore they lay.

Rude waves, loudly roaring,

Along the strand pouring,

Now bear him again o'er the watery way !

Again rise the surges ;

Again they restore him :

Again the wave urges

Its reflux o'er him !

Who, reckless of danger,

Now braves mid the ocean ?

How wild looks the stranger !

How frantic his motion !

He rescues the corse from the rough rolling wave !

The strand for its pillow,

From out the salt billow,

He rescues the corse....but it is not to save !

There stands, dark and lonely,

The plunderer's dwelling ;

He seeks the strand, only

When sea-mews are yelling.

When, mid the storm howling,

No star is seen beaming,

The wretch then is prowling ;

The false fire is gleaming,

To lead the poor mariner on to his doom !

When waves bear him senseless,

He robs the defenceless,

And plunges the corse in the billowy tomb !

The foul hearted demon,  
The sailor despoiling,  
Now rends from the seaman  
The fruit of his toiling !  
O'er wild ocean braving,  
Hard earn'd was the treasure,  
Through tempest loud raving ;  
Though toiling was pleasure  
For her, who was dear to the mariner bold.  
The fierce hand, unsparing,  
Now rudely is tearing  
The poor humble garb from the corse that is cold !

The pledge of devotion  
Thine arm still is wearing !  
That pledge, mid the ocean,  
Gave heart to thy daring.  
When eyes, brightly beaming,  
Have ever beset thee ;  
When false fears were dreaming,  
Thy girl would forget thee ;  
It brighten'd thy love, and it solac'd thy fears :  
For the girl who was dearest,  
When danger was nearest,  
There bound the fair pledge, and bedew'd it with  
tears. —

The eye of the demon  
Glares horrid in pleasure ;

Poor, heart sunken seaman !  
He grasps at thy treasure !  
And shall he bereave thee ?  
Thy darling pledge sever ?  
And cruelly leave thee ?  
No, mariner, never !

The tall wave indignantly rolls to the shore !  
The arm of the Thunderer  
Seizes the plunderer !  
Floods overwhelm him ! he rises no more !

The reflux billow  
Now leaves the beach waveless ;  
The flood is the pillow  
Of mariner graveless.  
But mark the wave stranding,  
More boldly aspiring ;  
The mariner landing,  
Then slowly retiring ;  
The plunderer comes not along with the tide ;  
The shark is heard dashing,  
Amid the waves splashing !  
The froth of the billow with crimson is died !  
While chill blasts are blowing,  
Who o'er the corse gazes ?  
His garb round it throwing,  
The sailor he raises.  
From winds cold and storming,  
The stranger has borne him ;

The blaze, kindly warming,  
To life shall return him :  
The stranger shall aid him, the stranger defend.  
His pulse now is flowing,  
His bosom is glowing ;  
He ne'er shall forget the poor mariner's friend....

The white winter-billow  
Has left the green mountain ;  
Now leaves dress the willow ;  
Now ripples the fountain.  
Where tempests were swelling,  
Soft breezes are sweeping,  
The sea-mew, late yelling,  
Is 'neath the rock sleeping ;  
The sailor is far from the rough rolling main.  
The girl that was dearest,  
When danger was nearest,  
Now holds to her bosom her sailor again !

## **THE TEAR-DROP.**

**8**





# THE TEAR-DROP.

TO HER, WHOM I LOVE.

**I** LOVE thee, dear girl, for those eyes that speak pleasure,  
Those sweet little ringlets, that artfully curl ;  
For lips, where I oft have drunk joy without measure,  
And cheeks blushing roses, I love thee, my girl.

But, ah ! when the sad tale of pity does move thee,  
I love thee indeed for that deep bosom-sigh ;  
Yet most for that sure pledge of nature I love thee,  
The tear-drop, that stands in thy soft melting eye !

And, still while I gaze at its tremulous motion,  
Or down thy warm cheek see it stealing its way,  
'Tis dearer to me than the pearl of the ocean,  
And clearer than India's gem is its ray.

Give the tear to my lips then ! and love, thus requited,  
No longer shall mourn for the loss of the sigh ;  
For that was for Heaven, and seraphs, delighted,  
Have borne the dear tribute in triumph on high.

'Twere joy, though the last of my days were to-morrow,  
To think you would come to lament for my doom ;  
O'er my tablet to shed such a tear-drop of sorrow ;  
To heave such a sigh as you turn'd from my tomb.

But shortly, my love, shall our destinies sever,  
And ne'er shalt thou weep o'er my tablet for me,  
For when I am cold, I shall rest me for ever,  
Beyond the wild water far distant from thee.

Dearest, remember me, when the salt billow  
Shall bear me away, o'er the rough rolling main;  
Then let such a tear-drop bedew thy soft pillow  
For him, who shall never behold thee again.

When they tell thee, his lips that in pleasure were blended  
With thine, are clos'd motionless under the sod;  
And that life's ebbing breath as it pass'd them, ascended,  
In sighs to his mistress, and pray'rs to his God;

Then say that I lov'd thee with warmest devotion,  
And sigh for my fortune with sorrow sincere;  
And, while my fond spirit shall catch the emotion,  
Oh! shed such a tear-drop for memory dear.

# **THE BILLOW.**



## THE BILLOW.

**G**o, little billow, rippling go,  
Adown the streamlet gently flowing ;  
And roll thy way along the bay,  
Where loud the length'ning blasts are blowing.

And strive to gain the mighty main,  
Where wild the wat'ry war is raging ;  
And rear thy form amid the storm,  
Where fierce the waves and winds are waging.

Where fast before the thunder's roar  
The mountain-wave is madly driven ;  
And bursts its ire mid lightning's fire,  
High in the arch of angry Heaven.

There tempest tost the bark is lost,  
The sailor toils o'er ocean swelling ;  
And hope has fled, while round his head  
The grey sea-mew is loudly yelling.

When parting life has ceas'd the strife,  
Go, Heaven speed thee, rolling billow,

And bear him o'er mid ocean's roar ;  
Thy bosom be the sailor's pillow.

And safely land along the strand,  
Where angry waves are vainly swelling ;  
His sorrows o'er, to seek once more  
Far distant home and humble dwelling.

Where now, beside the glassy pride  
Of Avon's smoothly flowing river,  
Poor Mary's sighs that often rise  
Mourn for the sailor, lost for ever.

Her tear-drops glide with Avon's tide,  
Fast falling near the weeping willow ;  
Where Zephyr woo'd the tiny flood,  
That bore thee first a little billow.







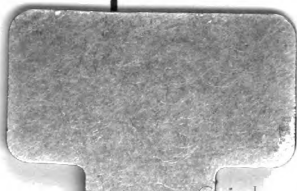
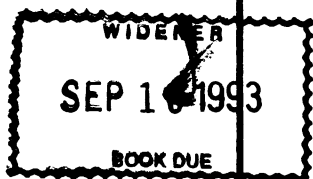






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